

Hawkwind, Sleep Of A Thousand Years

With your white arms wrapped around me
And locked in embrace so cold
We slept a thousand years or more
To awake in a land of gold
Where, the king of the world was a creature
Both man and woman and beast
Under landscape boiled with a million strange flowers

And the sun set in the east
And we were heroes you and I
By virtue of age and skill
And we rode to the land at the edge of the skies
To an emerald tower on a hill